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Yvonne

Prima Ballerina Of "Merrie England"

Wenda Horsburgh is the principal dancer and ballet mistress of *Merrie England* at the Princes Theatre. This is an entirely new production of Edward German's well-known operetta with a libretto by Edward Knoblock, *décor* by Edward Delaney and masque and ballets by Pauline Grant. Miss Horsburgh, who was until recently a prominent member of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, has done invaluable work for the *Merrie England* ballet, and indeed for the show as a whole, and leads the dances brilliantly



Shy Mascot and Royal Colonel-in-Chief of the Canadian Scottish

After H.R.H. the Princess Royal, Colonel-in-Chief of the Canadian Scottish, had attended a Mansion House lunch to detachments of the regiment, she presented them with a portrait in oils of the regimental mascot, Wallace, a St. Bernard, and inspected the Guard of Honour outside the Mansion House. Wallace, who had "lunched" on a special portion of bones, was either too overcome by the civic hospitality, or too shy to face the Royal Colonel-in-Chief, and, as our photograph shows, took little active part in the ceremony

Simon Harcourt-Smith

PORTRAITS IN PRINT

"But at least to begin the week well,
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday."

—LORD NEAVES

Wilberforce and the English Sunday

It is fitting that early last Sunday morning, when I could not sleep, I should have picked up a book on a handsome, worthy and slightly exasperating saint, William Wilberforce (1759–1833). This gentle friend of William Pitt, with the melodious voice that earned him the title of "nightingale of the House of Commons," we know and honour largely for his share in securing the abolition of slavery within the British Empire. But for me, Wilberforce, with all his graces, symbolizes to some extent, the first portentous promise of the nineteenth century and the English Sunday.

When he first got into Parliament, in 1780, he was a sprightly enough young man, gambling with abandon at Brooks's, dancing till four o'clock in the morning, flirting with Georgiana Devonshire or the lovely Mrs. Crewe, exchanging badinage with his beloved William Pitt till the sun was up, then

carrying the young prodig off with him to his Wimbledon villa, for a breakfast of strawberries.

The Evangelistic Leaven

BUT already Whitefield and Wesley had slipped their evangelistic leaven into the English dough, the loaf that was to emerge as Victorian England was baking in its Gothic oven. Strange it is, when you see the portraits of those wonderful demigods and demi-goddesses by Gainsborough, the assured, dazzling amoral faces, to think that many of them in the winter of their age would be racked with conscience by profligate memories, would seek refuge from avenging fire in a denial of the theatre or Sunday diversions.

Sabbatarianism

A CLOOMY Sunday has generally been the English way to virtue. In the seventeenth century the Puritans made it illegal to drive horses, carts or cattle on the King's Highway, or to indulge in

"sports or pastimes." An indulgent and sceptical eighteenth century, worshipping nothing save Reason and the vaguely benevolent Supreme Being who made our ancestors' tulips and "apricocks" to shine, yawned these laws into default. The coffee-houses and the Ranelagh of 1750 seem to have done a brisk enough Sunday trade. Only certain Swiss cantons, haunted by the angular and raucous ghost of Jean Calvin, still proscribed the most private Sunday enjoyments, even to kissing. Edinburgh and the Glasgow of the tobacco lords seemed relatively to have forgotten the stern Sabbatarianism of the Covenanters.

"Meditations Among the Tombstones"

THEN come Mr. Raikes' Sunday Schools in the 1770s, which, as William Fox pertinently remarked "would bring men cheerfully to submit to their condition"; in 1781, the year after Wilberforce enters Parliament, that formidable figure Bishop Porteous introduces into the Lords

a bill to prohibit all Sunday amusements. The natural melancholy of the English stands ready. Had not Hervey's *Meditations Among the Tombstones* attained by 1788 no less than seventy-five printings? And so the English Sunday, even tho' it is no more than a grey and gloomy baby, is born. Already behind the garlands and the fancy dairies, and the towering head-dresses the drizzle of the last century has set in; down through the crochets of Station Road echo "The Church's One Foundation," against "She was Poor but she was Honest, the Victim of a Rich Man's Whim."

The Revd. Milner and the Revd. Newton

YOUNG Wilberforce at his most flighty moment was caught round 1784 by the bulky Milner, later Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, and the ex-slaver, John Newton, Rector of St Mary Woolnooth, Lombard Street, one of Wren's finest City churches, but now painfully battered. Newton had felt the call while still ferrying poor black wretches from the Guinea Coast to the plantations. He took to holding services for his white crew only, nor were one negro's chains struck off. Wilberforce's conversion was worked as his carriage trundled northward from a happy holiday with his mother and sisters on the Riviera. For weeks his diary had reflected a growing and somewhat embarrassing priggishness. He deplores a christening with almost the sententiousness of a later Mr. Gladstone. "Very indecent—all laughing round." Then in October he reaches Spa, and shocks his handsome Mrs. Crewe by not allowing his mother to travel on a Sunday. Here, it seems to me, is a portent. Soon in fear of the "godless" revolution in France, the English middle-classes will turn against almost all forms of pleasure. "A sermon," declared the Reverend Josiah Pratt, "is the essence of dullness after a play; this shows the evil of the layhouse." Ranelagh, once the scene of such light-hearted revels, sinks into odium, and closes in 1803, after a vain attempt to stimulate attendance by sending a horse up in a balloon. Travellers arriving at Dover on a Sunday cannot get their luggage examined. Where Mr. Pepys engaged his maids for their looks and their part-singing, Mr. Gladstone would solemnly examine a prospective in her solidness on the Thirty-Nine Articles.

Esoteric Instruction

PERSONALLY, my divine instruction was as broad-minded as that of any Mogul Emperor. On one side lay a village predominantly Catholic, on the other a village as learnedly Anglican. A Catholic nanny pulled against an Anglican governess. A thousand excuses for lagging, complaints of a sore heel or arguments about whether I could bring my dogs and tether them at the churchyard gate, would, if I were lucky, get us to either church too late to go in.

Religion became something it was fun to trick and evade. And this heresy all sprang, I think, from dread of the English Sunday. In London the sound of Ennismore Gardens church summoning

the faithful to whip out their top-hats, their wash-leather gloves, chilled my small heart. Staying with relatives in pious Northumberland, we would crawl under cover of the rhododendron bushes, past the gardener's cottage, on our illicit way to the tennis-court of a Sunday morning. That was twenty-five years ago. But Sabbatarianism continues, I believe, with unabated sternness in those parts and in the Scottish Lowlands.

"Ye're Strrrranded"

JUST before the war, for instance, we were motoring up to Argyllshire. This side of Lockerbie we ran at speed into a vast pool across the road, relic of a cloudburst. Our engine died. We were towed into Lockerbie where with the utmost difficulty we got some lunch, it being Sunday. When we came out into the hotel garage yard, the mechanic advanced towards us with a radiant face. Naturally we thought he had repaired the car. Not a bit of it. "Ye're strrrranded," he boomed with grisly joy. The breakdown was a mere matter of changing a distributor arm. But not a hand's turn would he do, nor would he open his stores of spare parts on a Sabbath. Worse still, the hotel refused to give us any food in the evening, only with the utmost suspicion accorded us a minute room, decorated, I remember, with a superb photogravure of an Edwardian beauty in a combing jacket, appropriately inscribed "Nearer my God to Thee!" If it hadn't been for the Christian hospitality of a local citizen, we should have starved to death.

Poulenc

FRANCIS POULENC and Pierre Bernac have been again here, giving a series of enchanting concerts, one of them on the B.B.C. I stand always in awe of Poulenc's witty and melodious fertility. Every time he comes to London, he brings a new series of exquisite songs. This time it is the *Fiançailles pour Rire* on poems by the lovely and brilliant Louise de Vilmorin. (Her *Fin des Villavides* the story of a childless and eccentric duke, who makes an armchair into his heir, appeared in an English translation here just before the war.) But her poems, fantastic, gay, tender are still unknown in England, though they have attained a vast popularity in Paris during the last few years. *Viens, mon amour, que je vous mange* was one I used particularly to enjoy hearing her recite, in that husky melodious voice of hers, of a winter evening at Verrières, the Vilmorin house not far from Versailles. And *Fiançailles pour Rire* are equally brilliant.

A New Opera

POULENC has also written a comic opera recently—*Les Mamelles de Tirésias* on a text of Guillaume Apollinaire. It is to be put on at the *Opéra Comique*, with *décor* by Christian Bérard, next spring.

The other night, at the French Embassy, that oasis of elegant gaieties in the blue-grey desert of 1945, Francis Poulenc treated us to a one-man performance of the piece. I cannot remember a *tour de force* more brilliant or a turn more rollickingly funny in years. As Poulenc says, it is a highly moral story, concerned with the necessity of increasing the birth-rate of the Island of Zanzibar. It is very much the Zanzibar of Apollinaire's and Poulenc's fantasy. No smell of cloves, all the gentlemen wearing straw-hats à la 1910, the heroine an ardent feminist who neglects her natural duties, and the most dramatic passages in "Boston" time. It was a great pleasure to see all the French among the audience, and even some of the English, too, so paralysed by laughter, they could hardly keep on their chairs.

Apollinaire

THERE exists, I suppose, no first-rate composer in the world today with Poulenc's genius for marrying the witty to the lyrical; and he is, I think, at his best when interpreting the rich fantasies of Apollinaire, surely one of the greatest poets this century has produced. Apollinaire's death in 1918, when still quite young, was one of those rare demises which one can sincerely describe as a disaster to letters. What a heartbreak is in the lines :

"O ma jeunesse abandonnée
Comme une guirlande fanée
Voici que s'en vient la saison
Des regrets et de la raison."



"Now, when I was in Poona —"



H.M. The Queen at the Women's Land Army Christmas Party

Miss Irene Carey was one of the members of the Women's Land Army with a six years' record of service to have the honour of receiving her armlet from H.M. The Queen at the Mansion House. Her Majesty made a particularly gracious and charming speech of congratulation to the W.L.A. for their splendid work



Ann Todd has the Honour of being Presented to H.M. Queen Mary

H.M. Queen Mary so enjoyed the British Sailors' Society film, "Sailors Do Care," that she visited it for the second time and took her staff from Marlborough House to a private showing. Group Captain Sir Louis Greig, and film star Ann Todd are seen with Her Majesty in our snapshot

James Agat

AT THE PICTURES

The Lost Million

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA cost over a million and a quarter pounds, took two and a half years to make, and well and truly bored one spectator for two and a half hours. Why film a play which has no action that matters, while such action as there is serves only as framework to the philosophic idea? What Caesar was doing in Egypt, whether he was trapping or entrapped, who rescued him and why—these things are a muddle and a bore. We are not interested because obviously Shaw was not interested. What fascinated him in his subject matter was the character of Julius Caesar, character shown not in action but in talk. And you cannot make a picture out of talk, however good that talk may be.

FIRST a word about Caesar, this play's core, pivot, and *raison d'être*. Caesar is Mr. Shaw's hero because he is Shavian. His ideas are unclouded by idealism or any kind of romantic nonsense. He is, as Mommsen points out, a realist and a man of sense.

It is Caesar and nobody else who fascinates Mr. Shaw, and I suggest that he has made him too perfect. "I am he," says Caesar to the Sphinx, "of whose genius you are the symbol: part brute, part woman, and part god—nothing of man in me at all." And later, on being asked whether Caesar despairs: "He who has never hoped can never despair." I take this to be not perfect man but perfect fish. Caesar is first cousin to the He-Ancient in *Back to Methuselah*, and not even the people who murdered him could have wished him anything worse.

It is not denied that Caesar is given wonderful things to say. Take, for example, the dialogue between Caesar and Cleopatra when the latter, having hired assassins to kill Pothinus, defends her crime on the grounds of lawful vengeance:

CLEO: Listen to me, Caesar. If one man in all Alexandria can be found to say that I did wrong, I swear to have myself crucified on the door of the palace by my own slaves.

CAESAR: If one man in all the world can be found, now or forever, to know that you did wrong, that man will have either to conquer the world as I have, or be crucified by it.

This sublime exchange may or may not be good theatre. I am sure it is bad film because there is nothing in it for the eye. It is as effective read at home by the fireside.

THE role of Cleopatra in play and film? Nothing that matters. She is not a gold-digger only because, being Queen of Egypt, she has no need to dig for gold. She shows no signs of the world figure she was to become, and Caesar's attitude towards her throughout is Pooh-Bah's, "Go away, little girl. Can't talk to little girl like you. Go away, there's a dear." Perhaps some day a dramatist will arise who will give us a play about the real Cleopatra. Mr. Shaw failed. Or perhaps it

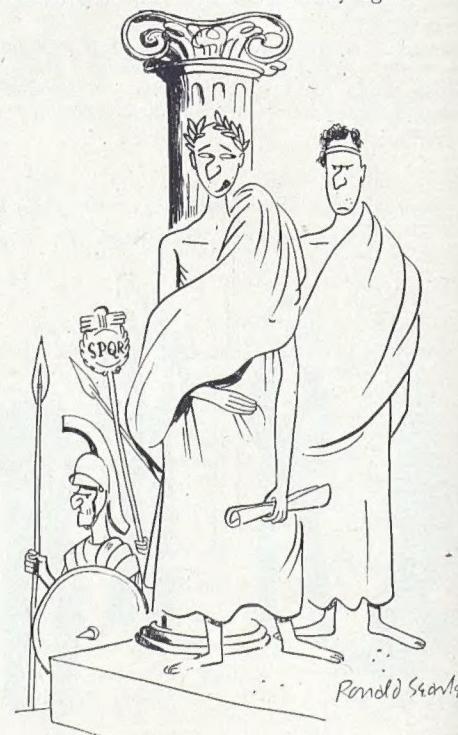
is the charming actresses who have enacted his Cleopatra who have failed, and first on the stage and now in the film have given us a charming little hoyden who can babble about murdering her brother without being believed. People have often asked how Shaw's Cleopatra came to grow up into Shakespeare's. The truth is that she didn't. History, declining to be romantic, gives the lie to Shakespeare and tells us that Cleopatra lured Antony to the Monument, and double-crossed the dead man after he had performed his half of their suicide pact, that she then offered herself to Octavius Caesar hoping to repeat her triumphs with Julius and Antony, and that it was only when Octavius turned her down that she decided to commit suicide. I am not disputing Shakespeare's right to beglamour historical fact; the point I want to establish is that Cleopatra was a slut whose essential sluttishness is still to be put forward. I agree that Mr. Pascal may plead that it is a little hard to demand that he should succeed where Shakespeare and Shaw failed.

BUT it is time to be getting back to the film. Sir Max Beerbohm, writing about this play in the first year of the present century and six years before its production, had this: "I wish very much that this play could be produced. But it would cost many thousands of pounds, and managers are coy of a vast production that is not the setting of some vast dramatic motive." I disagree. I see no reason why the production of this play should cost more than a few hundreds, just as I see no reason why a film of it should cost more than a few thousands. Mr. Shaw's whole theme is what goes on in Caesar's mind, and in what the girl-queen uses for mind. I see no point in making Alexandria a red-rose city half as old as Denham unless that city is going to serve some purpose. If, for example, the point of the play were the sacking of Alexandria with gates stove in by battering rams, and marble columns yielding to the foreheads of charging elephants. And then how unconvincing are these antique buildings! How inept that use of the camera which can find no beauty in the antique world! The costumes, too, are all obviously brand-new. Why wasn't somebody engaged to make them look soiled and grubby, as the American actor Mansfield did in his production of *Richard III*?

IT'S the old story of aesthetic insincerity. Can any director imagine that Wigan, Accrington, Barnsley, Leatherhead, Portsmouth, Swindon really care to the extent of over a million pounds about the portrayal of Caesar's mentality? The answer is obviously No. Wherefore the vast sums expended on irrelevancies, the architecture of Alexandria and all those scampering armies. I can quite understand that the success of *Pygmalion* tempted Mr. Pascal to have another go. (Didn't this picture have a wholly irrelevant ball-scene?) Then why not *Androcles and the Lion*, where one would have tolerated as legitimate

embroidery an hour and a half of fun in that Roman amphitheatre? Where gladiators could have fought and charioteers raced round the arena without drawing a word of protest from me. Two and a half hours over *Androcles* might, I think, have been well spent. Two and a half hours over *Caesar and Cleopatra* is just an hour and a half too long. Particularly when one reflects that all of the essential story could have been shot in the studio, plus a hundred square yards of the sandhills between Blackpool's South Shore and St. Anne's. The sad truth is that, as Max perceived forty-four years ago, "most of the scenes are mere whimsical embroidery, a riotous sequence of broadly humorous incidents." Or put it that this is a little play with one fine moment and a leaven of philosophy. In other words, choicely and pointedly not the thing to turn into a splurgy, splendid-furous, magnopera film.

VIVIEN LEIGH as Cleopatra looks about as Egyptian as the Lass of Richmond Hill, but kittens it charmingly. Claude Rains plays Caesar like a fashionable psychiatrist dealing with trouble in some good Hollywood family; Flora Robson, as the nurse with the boring name, treats her charge as Mrs. Pipchin treated Paul Dombey; Stewart Granger plays Apollodorus with the air of Surbiton's lawn-tennis champion at his most dashing. The West End may be gammoned by this film; the suburbs and provinces will, in my opinion, not be taken in by the kind of thing D. W. Griffith did better half a century ago.



"Quick! What do I say now?"—*Veni Vidi something . . .*"

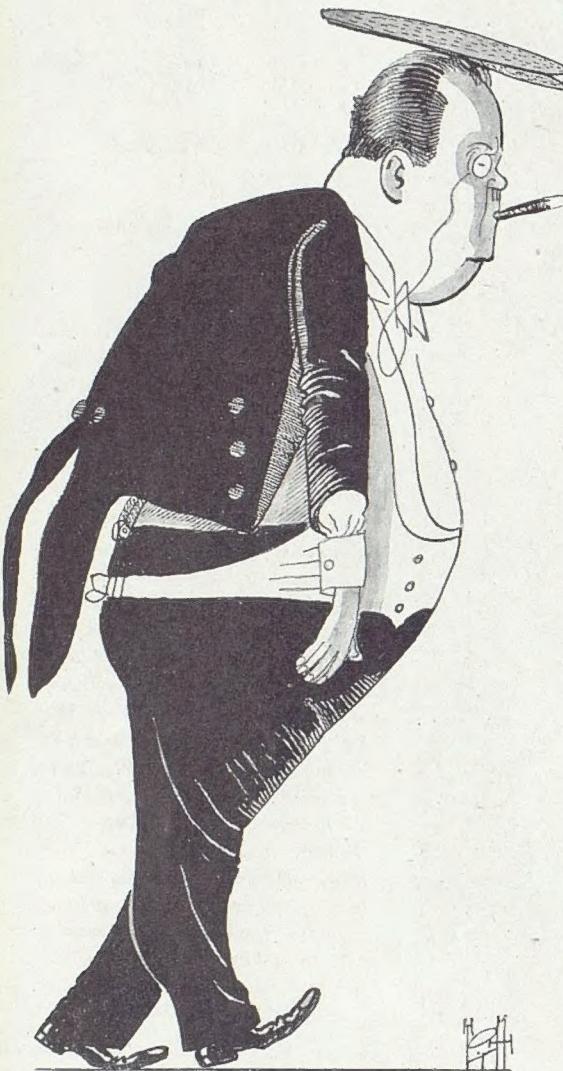


Vivien Leigh As Cleopatra

Vivien Leigh plays Cleopatra, the young Queen of Egypt, in George Bernard Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*, which had its world première on December 13 at the Odeon, Marble Arch. Opposite her in the other title role is the celebrated Hollywood actor, Claude Rains. At their first meeting the youthful Egyptian queen, who is bravely awaiting the grim prospect of her country being overrun by the Romans, unexpectedly encounters the great Caesar between the paws of the Sphinx. She is unaware of his identity, and he, thinking she is but a child, does not believe that she is queen. Vivien Leigh wears nine costumes in the film, specially designed for her by Oliver Messel. Each beautiful dress that she wears, from the Sphinx sequence to the elaborate Robes of State, are authentic as to period, and are genuine "creations" that Cleopatra might have worn. When Cleopatra was wrapped up in a roll of carpets and taken secretly aboard Caesar's galley, a most superb and priceless Persian carpet was lent specially by a well-known firm for the scene in the film. There is a very distinguished cast which includes Stewart Granger, Flora Robson, Raymond Lovell, Francis L. Sullivan, Cecil Parker, and many others.

The Theatre

"Big Boy" (*Saville*)



The Big Boy: Sir Frederick Bolsover (Fred Emney), who is always in financial trouble but means well all the same, does not feel at his best in borrowed clothes

BALANCE." Mysterious word! Mr. Fred Emney cannot understand why there should be such fuss and bother simply because the books of the curious business over which he blandly presides do not balance. And he is perfectly right not to worry. The story of the business (imports: machines obviously designed by Heath Robinson and bevies of pretty typists; exports: little or nothing) is altogether too insistent on its rights. What is of more moment than the balancing of the firm's crazy accounts is another kind of balance, even harder to keep but kept quite perfectly by the two comedians who run the jolly show.

On one side of the account is the purely static comedy of Mr. Fred Emney, mountainous in pin-stripe trousers and a businesslike black coat, glaring through a monocle into vacancy, with cigar set at a defiant angle, urgently barking out his afterthoughts with the air of an enormous big bow-wow, who is instantly equal to every occasion. On the other side is the highly athletic comedy of Mr. Richard Hearne, a decrepit old gentleman in a dilapidated frock-coat several sizes too big for him, a white moustache jutting over a vacuously half-open mouth suggestive of senile decay. This totterer at the grave's edge has only to be pushed contemptuously to bound half-way to the ceiling or through a plate-glass window—a reaction pleasing to all beholders. The balance between these extremes is exquisitely kept throughout the evening, and that is the only balance that matters.

Nowhere is the balance nicer than in the scene where thieves, who are stealing the Duchess's diamonds, so far forget their nefarious business as to allow Mr. Hearne, wearing the armour of a medieval knight, to swing a care-free mace. They have drugged his wine, but the senile old gentleman, though dead drunk, will not lie down. He stumbles and slithers over the parquet floor of the baronial hall, but the floor, as though it were a spring mattress, always flings him upright again, and at each uprising the spiked ball of steel makes

contact with somebody's head. Meanwhile, Mr. Emney, enchanted by the masculine beauty of his own voice reading a part in a film script, is as impervious to all this wild battery and assault as though the jewel thieves and his devoted servant were puppies at play. Together, Mr. Hearne and Mr. Emney try their hand at pathos (are they not comedians?) and what comedian does not long to draw tears? and they bring it off remarkably well, Mr. Hearne stitching and sewing as motherly as Smee the pirate, and Mr. Emney lying in bed, top-hatted but trouserless, a Burlington Bertie from Bow ruminating sadly over a last cigar on the chances and changes of fortune.

Mr. Hearne is usually at his best as the most ludicrous member of a ludicrous team, the butt of other people's nonsense, an acrobatic zany, but he has in this show a wholly delightful solo turn in which he sells muslin over the counter to customers who are, for all practical purposes, imaginary. With a single glance he speaks volumes. I have hinted that these comedians are too often entangled by the narrative thread, but it must be owned that, generally speaking, they make a virtue of this entanglement and, anyway, the narrative is studded by the jokes of Mr. Douglas Furber. His jokes know no half-measures. They either raise the roof or they fall utterly flat. The roof, within the meaning of the phrase, is off whenever Mr. Emney and Mr. Hearne are on. Mr. Carroll Gibbons has supplied music which is consistently pleasant. The Freddie Carpenter dancers present one neat, amusing *ballet*, and also serve as a more accomplished and more adult chorus than has been usual in recent years. Miss April Stride leads the dancing with lively grace; Mr. Edward Baxter is her partner; and one of the most graceful numbers is most takingly parodied by Miss Triss Henderson and Mr. Hearne. It is by no means too early to make theatrical arrangements for Christmas; and here is a show which can be counted upon to make a merry party even merrier.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Young Love on its Toes: Johnny (Edward Baxter) and Frankie Deane (April Stride) gaily dance and sing their way to fame and fortune



Sketches by
Tom Titt

Ballet Burlesque:
Mr. Pastry (Richard Hearne) and Lottie (Triss Henderson) dance a somewhat fantastic version of the ballet in their own inimitable manner

TOM TITT



Robert Donat, who is personally directing some of the scenes, points out something in the script to Elsie French, the stepmother, and Helen Cherry, the godmother



The Ugly Sisters, played by Joan Sterndale Bennett (left) and Olga May, are on either side of Elsie French, the scheming stepmother



Sara Gregory plays Cinderella, the maid-of-all-work, in "The Glass Slipper"

Rehearsal for "The Glass Slipper" A Play with Music at the St. James's Theatre

• Herbert and Eleanor Farjeon's charming Christmas play, *The Glass Slipper*, is being presented for the second year in succession in the West End by Robert Donat. For the first time in the history of Cinderella, that celebrated heroine wears plastic shoes which look exactly like glass, and are made of the same material as used in R.A.F. bomber and fighter turrets. Sara Gregory, who plays Cinderella, comes from New South Wales, and was Goody in *Goody Two Shoes* at the Coliseum last year. One of the Ugly Sisters is Joan Sterndale Bennett, who has recently been appearing in the *Forrigan Reel*; she is a great-granddaughter of Sir William Sterndale Bennett. The other ugly sister, Olga May, is an extremely versatile actress, and has appeared in all types of character roles, including the second witch in *Macbeth*. The play is directed by Steven Thomas

JENNIFER WRITES

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THE QUEEN OUT SHOPPING

PRE-CHRISTMAS shoppers, on more than one occasion, had the unexpected and welcome pleasure of seeing Her Majesty the Queen among their number. In this, as in other ways, it was the early shoppers who had the advantage, for the Queen, well aware of the crowds and difficulties of the afternoons, and not wishing to add to the perplexities of the police, made her expeditions in each case in the morning hours, returning to the Palace well before lunch.

Princess Elizabeth, too, went shopping for Christmas gifts, both for herself and for her sister, Princess Margaret, who, though able to sit up and walk round her rooms, was still confined, under doctors' orders, to her own apartments. The Queen and her daughter made their tours of the shops separately and at different times.

HIS MAJESTY'S HALF-CENTURY

IT is difficult to think of the King as a man of fifty. His Majesty is so youthful in appearance, with his thick fair hair, his unlined face and clear complexion, that he could easily be taken for fifteen years younger. But on December 14th, when Ambassadors and other dignitaries came to Buckingham Palace to offer their birthday congratulations, it was the half-century anniversary that they were marking.

In the evening, the King entertained a family party and a few of the intimate circle of his own friends and those of the Queen to dinner. Following this there was a dance, to which a number of others, including many young folk numbered among the Princesses' circle, were invited. Dancing took place in the Grand Hall and the Bow Room, where the red carpets, laid for Investitures and other ceremonial functions, had been removed to expose the polished wood floors.

Buffet refreshments were served in the adjoining rooms, and couples "sat out" on the staircase leading up to the great State ballroom, still in its wartime disarray, with wrapped furniture, dismantled chandeliers and other fittings piled round against the walls.

It was not until the small hours of the morning that the West End dance band engaged for the occasion played their final number, and on the programme, by special request of Princess Elizabeth, were some of the rumbas, boleros and other fascinating Spanish dance rhythms to which she danced on her first appearance at a West End restaurant recently.

The day before his birthday the King had spent shooting over the Norfolk estates of an old friend, the Earl of Leicester, at Holkham, with young Lord Coke, who for some time was Equerry to him as Duke of York. Lord Coke,

who served in the Scots Guards during the war, is a first-class shot. He is thirty-seven and, it will be remembered, married a daughter of the eighth Earl of Hardwicke.

Y.W.C.A. BIRTHDAY PARTY

PRINCESS ELIZABETH graciously attended the Y.W.C.A. ninetieth-birthday celebrations at the Albert Hall recently, and received purses totalling £45,000. This magnificent sum was raised for Y.W.C.A. Servicewomen's clubs, and for permanent club centres in this country for all women and girls. Although the war is over, the Y.W.C.A. has still a great deal to do for Service women, especially those working with the Armies of Occupation. H.M. the Queen gave a donation to a special purse presented in memory of the late Lady Helen Graham (Y.W.C.A. National President, 1942-45), who was lady-in-waiting to the Queen when she was Duchess of York and later appointed a Woman of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty. Other special purses came from all the three women's Services, and from men and women golfers, which was a nice tribute to Miss Cecil Leitch, the famous golfer, who was chairman of the committee responsible for the Birthday celebrations. Miss Diana Wynyard presented a purse from the Theatre, the result of an appeal by Dame Lilian Braithwaite, Dame Irene Vanbrugh and Miss Edith Evans. Mrs. Churchill, who has done so much on behalf of this good cause, was present at the celebrations, wearing an attractive hat trimmed with a wine-coloured ostrich feather. Others I saw were Lady Welsh, Director, W.A.A.F., Lady Royle, Lady Procter, Mrs. Arthur Grenfell and Controller Baxter-Ellis, representing Chief Controller Whately, Director, A.T.S., who was unable to be present.

"CHRISTMAS TREE"

ONCE again S.S.A.F.A. have been holding their Christmas Tree Sale in the lovely showrooms in Devonshire House, so kindly lent by Sir William Rootes. It was opened by Air Marshal Sir John Slessor, who made an excellent speech, saying that although the war was ended, the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association still had a tremendous job to do, looking after the families of men of the three Services, and that funds were still needed all the time to keep going. He thanked Lady Mitchell for the wonderful work she had done once again in organising the "Christmas Tree." Hilda Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, who received the guests at the opening, was there most days of the sale. Among those I saw buying their Christmas presents were Marie, Marchioness of Willingdon, Air Marshal Sir Norman Macewen (chairman of S.S.A.F.A.),

with his son and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Seary-Mercer, Admiral Sir Andrew and Lady Cunningham, Lord Courtauld-Thomson, who has worked so hard for the Red Cross Sales during the war, Mrs. Garle and Mrs. Frank Wallace. Mrs. Bob Laycock, hatless, was making purchases at the toy stall. Doris Lady Orr-Lewis once again ran a wonderful provision stall, assisted by her pretty daughter, Mrs. Hordern. Lady Luke, looking nice in black, was helping at a gift stall, while Lady Riddell-Webster, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Lady Mackenzie and Lady Rennie were again helping at the three lovely toy stalls.

The flower and Christmas decorations stall, where I found Lady Aline Vivian and Lady Allen, was doing a brisk trade. Many of the attractive decorations for sale had been made by Lady Aline herself. Lady Ursula Horne was looking after some of the raffles, which included such original gifts as a live baby kid of 3½ months (not on view!), a barrel of oysters, nylon stockings, and wine. At the end of the Christmas Tree week a cheque for £5000 was received for the S.S.A.F.A. funds from the British War Relief Society—a truly wonderful gift.

HOUSE-WARMING PARTY

DIANA MORGAN and her husband, Robert MacDermot, gave a most cheerful party "pour pendre la crémaillère" in their charming new home in Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park, the other night. It coincided with the West End presentation of Miss Morgan's new film *Pink String and Sealing Wax*, for which she wrote the script, and her old friend Robert Hamer directed. The guests included Lord Killanin, soon to be a bridegroom, as his wedding to Miss Dunlop was fixed for December 17. He is godfather to the MacDermot son and heir, now five years old. Also present were Sir Basil and Lady Bartlett, and Lady Moira Ponsonby, whose marriage to Mr. Denis Browne took place on December 10th, were also there. Mr. Charles B. Cochran, surrounded by many friends, was full of his forthcoming production, *Big Ben*, the A. P. Herbert operetta; and other theatrical personalities were Patricia Burke and her husband, and Brenda Bruce. Film celebrities were in full force, and included Cavalcanti, Frank Launder and Sydney Gilliat, and Leslie Arliss, who directed and also wrote the screen play of *The Wicked Lady* and other successful British films. Literature and the B.B.C. were also represented, as I saw Gerald Kersh, the novelist, Michael Standing, of the B.B.C., and Norman Collins, novelist and playwright, just appointed chief of the B.B.C. Light Programme, in succession to Robert MacDermot.

Dec. 19

Mrs. Warren Pearl's
dance for Miss Susan
Pearl. The Dorchester.

Dec. 21

Ball in aid of the Ivory
Cross Fund. Governor House,
8 p.m. President, the Duchess
of Grafton.

Dec. 22

Sporting Fixture —
'Chasing at
Cheltenham.'



Major the Hon. G. P. L. Aman, R.M., Lt.-Cdr. R. V. Wallington, R.N.V.R. (left to right, back row), Lt.-Cdr. Don Dowling, Mrs. A. D. Pallister, Lt. K. C. M. Mackay, R.I.N.V.R. (second row), and (in front) Mrs. Frank Taylor, Lt.-Cdr. A. D. Pallister and Mr. Frank Taylor sat out on the stairs

The "Wavy Navy" Club Celebrates



Major the Hon. Godfrey Pelham Leigh Aman, R.M., only son of Lord Marley, D.S.C., took the floor with Mrs. M. Pleasant at the R.N.V.R. Club's first birthday dance

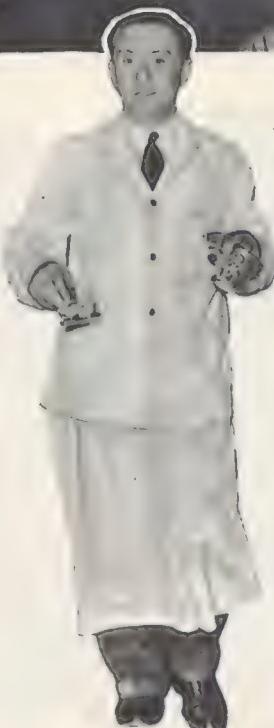


Lt. Ralph de Sola, R.N.V.R., Doctor of History at Algiers University and an Honorary Citizen of Algiers, had an entertaining talk with Miss Patricia Parsons (right) and Miss Joan Richardson



The Second Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Algernon Willis, K.C.B., D.S.O., was photographed chatting with the Hon. Mrs. William W. Astor, formerly the Hon. Sarah Norton

• The Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve Club, 52, Pall Mall (formerly the premises of the Marlborough Club), was opened for officers of the famous "Wavy Navy" in October 1944, and now has a membership of 4000. It celebrated its first birthday anniversary by holding a particularly successful dance attended by many officers of the Straight and the Wavy Navy, and of the Royal Marines and their guests. The Hon. Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, only daughter of Lord Grantley, wore a beautiful velvet dress. Her husband is the eldest son of Lord and Lady Astor



"Ay, Ay, Sir!"—here's an ex-Marine member of the Club staff

STRAND THEATRE

PROPRIETORS:
THE EXECUTORS OF THE LATE JOSÉ G. LEVY
LICENSEE & DIRECTOR: LIONEL L. FALCK

HOWARD LINDSAY By arrangement with
FIRTH SHEPHERD and RUSSEL CROUSE
(For Play Plans, Ltd.)

"ARSENIC AND OLD LACE"

A New Comedy
by
JOSEPH KESSELING

Characters in order of appearance:

Abby Brewster	... LILIAN BRAITHWAITE
The Rev. Dr. Harper	... CLARENCE BIGGE
Teddy Brewster	... LLOYD PEARSON
Officer Brophy	... GEORGE DILLON
Officer Klein	... E. J. KENNEDY
Martha Brewster	... MARY JERROLD
Elaine Harper	... PATRICIA HICKS
Mortimer Brewster	... NAUNTON WAYNE
Mr. Gibbs	... FRED BECK
Jonathan Brewster	... EDMUND WILLARD
Dr. Einstein	... MARTIN MILLER
Officer O'Hara	... BILLY LEONARD
Lieutenant Rooney	... FRANK TILTON
Mr. Witherspoon	... WILFRED CAITHNESS

Photographs by
John Vickers,
Alexander Binder
and Baron

The Play Produced by
MARCEL VARNEL



Martha: "Let me see, this is eleven, isn't it Abby?"
Abby: "No dear, this makes twelve!"

Three Years



When one remembers the many
& varied conditions under which
we have played during the last
three years one realizes how
much the performances have
owed to the never failing
enjoyment and encouragement
of our audiences!

Lilian Braithwaite

• "Arsenic and Old Lace" played right through the air raids, V1 attacks and V2s, when practically every London theatre closed. The cast, with three exceptions, is the original

- Lilian Braithwaite became a Dame of the British Empire on January 1st, 1943
- Mr. and Mrs. Churchill came for the first time on March 25th, 1943
- King George celebrated his official birthday (June 2nd, 1943) by coming to the play with the Queen and the two Princesses
- On May 17th Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery came, and at the end of the performance the whole house, and the company on the stage, sang "For he's a jolly good fellow" over and over again

of Playing—"Arsenic and Old Lace"



I shall never cease to be
grateful to "Arsenic and Old Lace"
in providing me, during these
three years, with a daily
escape into the raffish world
of the Mad Brewsters.

Mary Astor.



Incendiaries; bombs; doodle-bugs;
rockets; Home Guard stand-
down; atom bomb; Victory;
Socialist Government; dock
strike; no standing in buses;
gas strike; a million laughs.
Raymond Massey.

● Queen Mary's first visit to the theatre since the war was to "Arsenic and Old Lace" on June 23rd, 1945

● The play ran for four years on Broadway and four companies toured the United States. It has been seen in Sweden, India, Switzerland, South Africa, South America, the West Indies and Australia. It is a current attraction in Paris and Rome, and is about to be produced in Moscow.

● When "Arsenic and Old Lace" opened in Gotenburg, a cable was sent to the producers in New York, as follows: "Arsenic opened last night great success."

They then found themselves investigated by the F.B.I. on the theory that it might be a German poison plot!

● To celebrate the 1050th performance the audience was invited to sip elderberry wine especially made by the Brewster sisters!

● During the V1 attacks there were two "incidents" close to Dame Lilian Braithwaite's home in one night, and a friend called to see her at the theatre the next evening, and said: "You had a bad night last night, I hear?"—"Oh, no," Lilian Braithwaite replied quickly, "It was a good night; we were £4 up!"

● Firth Shephard first heard of the play from Val Gielgud, who had seen it on Broadway, and also on the same day from his dentist. The first script was unfortunately lost by enemy action, which delayed the production some months.



Mrs. Edward Shackleton, Wife of W/Cdr. Edward Shackleton, O.B.E., with Alexandra, Charles and the Bull-Dog

Mrs. Shackleton is the wife of W/Cdr. Edward Shackleton, O.B.E., younger son of the famous Antarctic explorer, the late Sir Ernest Shackleton, and is the daughter of the late Capt. C. E. Homan, Elder Brother of Trinity House. Her husband is following in his father's footsteps, and has already taken part in two Oxford University expeditions

*Photographs by Marcus Adams,
Bassano, Compton Collier,
J. B. Malcolm and Swaebe*

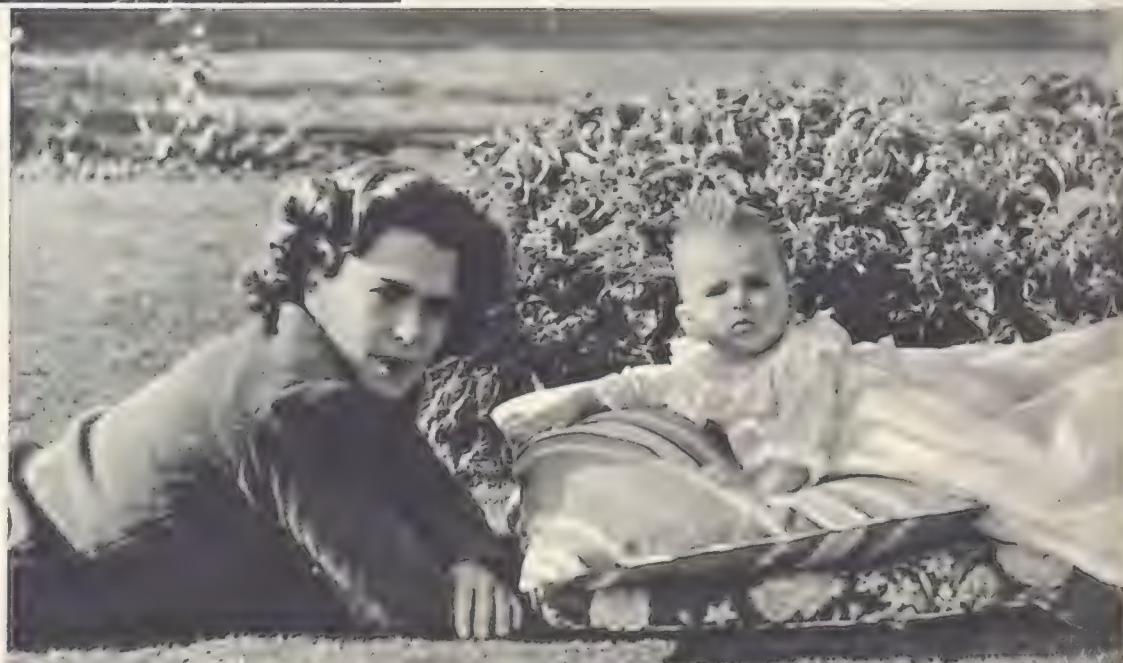
Right: The Countess of Warwick is the second wife of the seventh Earl of Warwick. She is the daughter of Mr. Percy Clifford Hopkinson, of Seabarn, Kingston Gorse, Sussex, and was married in 1942

Pram-age Review by Camera Notable Members of the Very Youngest Set



Lady Anne Wake-Walker with Her Daughter, Elizabeth

Lady Anne Wake-Walker is the only daughter of Earl and Countess Spencer. She served in the W.R.N.S. as a Third Officer in the early part of the war, and in 1944 married Lt. Christopher Baldwin Hughes Wake-Walker, R.N., elder son of the late Admiral Sir Frederic Wake-Walker, Third Sea Lord and Controller of the Navy



The Countess of Warwick with Her Nine-months-old Adopted Daughter, Georgina



Mrs. M. Menzies (Kay Stammers) with Virginia Victoria

Mrs. Michael Menzies will be best remembered as the enchanting Miss Kay Stammers, the well-known lawn-tennis player. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Stammers, and is married to Major Michael Menzies, Welsh Guards, younger son of the late Mr. F. Graham Menzies. Baby Virginia Victoria is just over two years old. Mrs. Menzies played tennis this year on various occasions in aid of the Red Cross



Mrs. Richard Wrottesley and Three-year-old Richard

Mrs. Richard Wrottesley is the wife of Major R. J. Wrottesley, M.C., Royal Horse Guards, son of the Hon. Walter Wrottesley and nephew of Lord Wrottesley. She was Miss Rosnara Barbara Wingfield-Stratford, and is the only daughter of Capt. Esmé Wingfield-Stratford, D.Sc.



Jacqueline Cooper and Baby Diana

Jacqueline and Diana Cooper are the second and youngest daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cooper and grandchildren of Sir Richard Ashmole Cooper, of Shenstone Court. Mrs. Cooper was Miss Dorothy Deen. She has a boy, Richard, born in 1934, and another daughter, Sally Ann, two years younger



Peter Brodie Ind and His Sister, Christina Brodie Ind

These charming children are the son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brodie Ind, Brodie Cottage, Forres, Morayshire, and were born in 1944 and 1942, respectively. Mrs. Brodie Ind was Miss Phyllis Marion Alice Browne, granddaughter of the late Lord Richard Browne, sixth son of the second Marquess of Sligo, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Browne, of Rosslyn, Bray, Co. Wicklow

PRISCILLA in

P A R I S

"... THE CAKE ON THE FARTHEST
SIDE OF THE PLATE . . ."

Voilà!

A GOODY TWO-SHOES' STORY

An *Assistante Sociale* was visiting one of the kindergarten classes at a Board school on the outskirts of Paris. The Tines were all muffled up in the warm but nondescript garments that ingenious mothers manage to evolve from the bits and pieces of which they dispose. In most cases their poor little feet were weighted down with the heavy wooden clogs that are disfiguring the walk of the children of France. One little girl had leather shoes on, but so cobbled and worn as to be on the verge of falling apart. "Are these the only shoes you have, dear?" was the question. "Oh, no, mam'zelle," came the answer, "my old ones are being repaired!"



"La Mode de Paris"

France is out to conquer the world in the great luxury trades, and is determined that the elegance of French dress-making—"Paris Fashions"—shall recover its former pre-eminence. This is a model by Paquin of Paris

I EVIDENTLY have the inquiring, but rather dumb, mentality of a country "bobby." I find myself saying over and over again: "Now then, now then, what's going on here?" I want to be answered in short sentences composed of words of two or three syllables, explaining exactly how the nationalising of credit affects the man in the street, to say nothing of the woman. The French *radiodiffusion* has done its poor best to enlighten us, but 'twas an indifferent effort, and the strange mania it has of employing male and fee-male announcers on the same subject, so that the first sentence is uttered in a mellifluous siren's voice, while the second is the gruffer, masculine continuation, switching on back and forth from one to another, does nothing to help matters.

The late Robert de Jouvenel wrote an entertaining and satirical little book called *La République des Camarades*. I'm all for *camaraderie*, especially between the sexes, but "over the air" it hardly seems to work. Howsumever, things will probably become better since a new chief of the French radio has been named. He is M. Claude Bourdet, the son of the famous dramatist Edouard Bourdet, whose sudden death a little more than a year ago is such a loss to French letters. Claude Bourdet has a very fine Resistance record, and if he has a twentieth of his father's talents, both as writer and organiser—Edouard Bourdet was administrator of the Comédie Française for several years before his death—the French radio will be put back where it ought to be.

On the other hand, it has still to be proven that courageous resistance is the perfect apprenticeship to administrative or any other kind of civilian life. A good many of the new crop of journalists who have blossomed out as critics of the various arts would be doing far better work with General Leclerc spoiling yellow dogs with a *mitraillette* rather than spoiling paper with a fountain-pen. I, who am an old hand at the game, seem to be turning into a very captious critic, however, for I found myself staring disgustedly at the quantities of wasted canvas hanging on the walls of the Winter Salon and computing how many shirts, shifts, pants and other underwear could have been made instead of pictures that few people want to see at the moment, not to mention those that nobody will ever want to look at, much less live with. There is only one thing that delights me about the whole show, and that is the fact that one corporation at least has rolled up its sleeves and is working overtime.

Pre-Built Dwellings

How far more interesting and thrilling did I find the exhibition of pre-built dwellings now showing at the Invalides station, where an endless stream of homeless—in the less drastic sense of the word—pass daily with Ohs and Ahs of longing and admiration. One of the guardians told me that every evening they rout out several couples of honeymooners—and pre-'uns—who try to hide in the dinky, wee hooches in the vain attempt to enjoy the illusion of at least one night's solitude *à deux*. It's always the cake on the farthest side of the plate one covets most. Those of us who have big houses or flats long for tiny, warm cubby-holes! Those who are packed into the sort of room-bath-kitchenette that is known as a *garçonnier*, and served, in the good old days, for rose-shaded tea-parties, are ready to pawn their little pink souls for something on the scale of the Grand Palais. Dwellers in hotels aspire to be *chez eux*, while those who live at home would do anything to be rid of the complication of servants and food-hunting and desire

nothing better than a small suite in an hotel. The people living in Paris want to get out to the fresher air of the suburbs, and the suburbs say that a tent on the Place de la Concorde would be preferable to the daily journey to and fro by train.

We are having quite a lot of fun, too, with the electricity shortage—and when I say "fun," you can guess how I mean it! Paraffin oil and candles, whether ordinary, Christmas-tree or church-taper kind, are almost unobtainable. Refills for electric torches and pocket lamps likewise! So that when the current is cut after dark we just sit tight and twiddle our thumbs and reflect that the world hasn't changed much since the days of Moses. People who live on the seventh floor dare not go up in the lift lest they get stuck between two floors. Business men who use electric razors start shaving at home and have to finish an hour later at the office or go piebald for the rest of the day. It's all very funny, *je-n'pense-pas*, as the French schoolboy does not say!

Rumours of Christmas Parties

THERE are rumours of several Christmas parties and dances on the horizon, but they seem to be rather hush-hush. Evidently the Rich-Young-Bright don't want to be accused of footing it neatly above the old volcano! I was spending the evening with friends who have a flat on the Quai d'Orsay and saw the guests arrive for the Fitzgeorge dance. Such frocks, my dears—such cars! Just like old times. A few lovely lovelies arrived on foot. Perhaps they were wearing the new *robe à deux fins* (would one translate this as a dress with two ends or with two aims?), which can be worn short in the street and is then "let down" from a clever reefing arrangement at the waist so that the wearer can swish over the carpets within doors in truly regal manner.

It has not been very cold, so far, this winter, but some of the *grands couturiers* have prepared for Arctic weather, judging from the snug garments they have turned out. Long, tight-waisted overcoats of velvet and cloth in the brightest of colours worn over dark-blue or black trousers that are slightly baggy but tucked into high, laced gaiters. Boots must have half-inch soles, preferably of leather (sez they!). Muff and cap of fur complete a becomingly Russian effect, and there is nothing left to wish for but a heavy fall of snow! But talk about the other man's poison!



From "Mondes"

The Optimist

"Oh, yes; everything is getting better! We never had sunsets like this last year!"



Mme. Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador, chatting with M. Pierre de Gaulle, Deputy of the French Assembly, and brother of the General



The hostess, Mme. de Rancourt de Minerant, with Air Vice-Marshal Elliott, one of the distinguished R.A.F. officers present



André and François de Rancourt de Minerant helped at the party by handing round cigarettes. They are with Miss Joy Nowell

Flying Experts and Aces at a Diplomatic Party

The French Air Attaché and Mme. de Rancourt de Minerant with Their Guests



Senhor Colonel Hecksher, Brazilian Air Attaché, came with Senhora Hecksher. He has been decorated by the Polish Government, and wears the Polish Air Force Insignia as well as the Brazilian,



The host, Col. de Rancourt de Minerant, enjoyed an obviously amusing conversation with Air Vice-Marshal Dixon and Mrs. Dixon



Lady Stansgate, wife of Air Cdr. the Viscount Stansgate, Vice-President of the Allied Control Commission for Italy, 1943-44, the Air Minister with Air Vice-Marshal Elliott



Lady Willoughby de Broke, in an enchanting little feather-trimmed hat, chatted with W/Cdr. Sir Louis Greig, K.B.E., Extra Gentleman Usher to H.M. the King

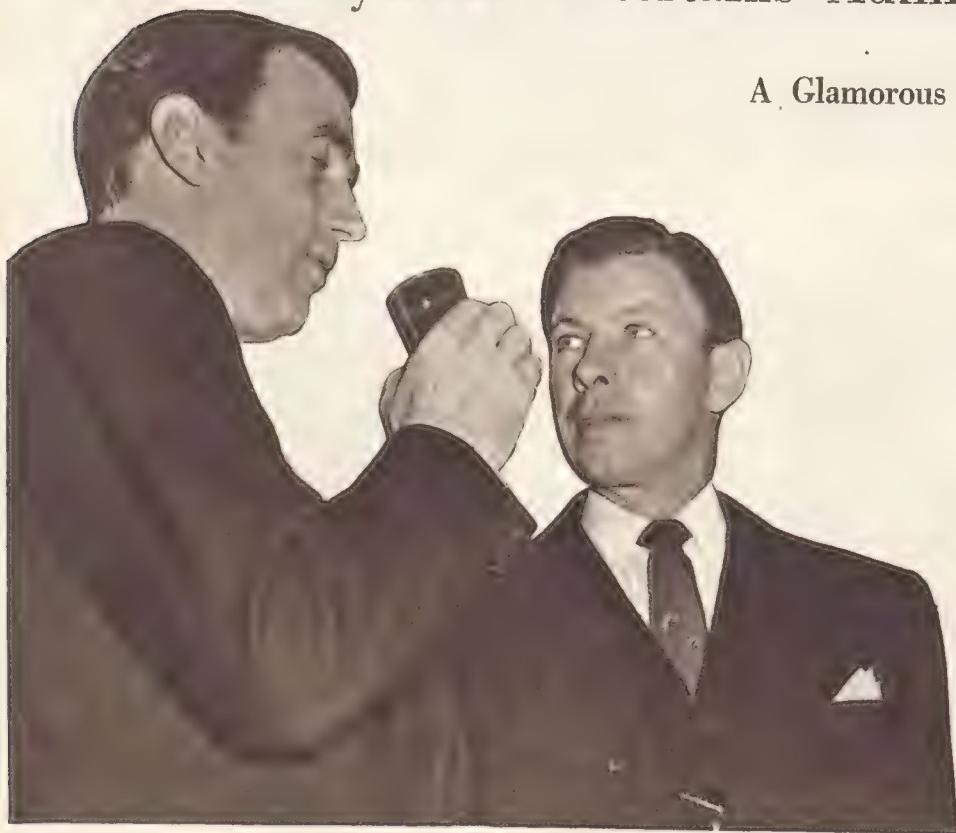
• The French Air Attaché, Col. de Rancourt de Minerant, and Mme. de Rancourt de Minerant recently held a reception for members of the R.A.F., the Ministry of Aircraft Production and Allied Air Attachés, which was attended by a number of notable air personalities. The little sons of the host and hostess, André and François, made themselves useful by handing cigarettes round



Admiral Halsey Enjoys the Party with Pat Smart and Myrna Loy

Hollywood Entertains Admiral Halsey

A Glamorous Gathering in Filmland



Walter Pidgeon looks thoughtfully into his glass while George Murphy of the dancing feet asks him a question

• The Hollywood film colony gave one of its celebrated parties recently, with Admiral Halsey as guest of honour. The Admiral enjoyed it all immensely, and was ably entertained by Pat Smart, Honolulu socialite, and film-star Myrna Loy, so especially beloved as William Powell's resourceful wife in *The Thin Man* pictures. Among others at the party who were all on the top of their form were Capt. Gene Markey, Martha O'Driscoll and David Bruce, who has been seen in several pictures over here recently, including *Lady in a Train*, with Deanna Durbin

Photographs by Pictorial Press



Craig Stevens greets a friend; with him is Alexis Smith, who played opposite Humphrey Bogart in the physiological thriller "Conflict"



Ray Hendricks, former singer, and his wife, Lorraine Day, who first made her name in the popular "Dr. Kildare" films, chat to Gene Raymond



Wayne Morris, in naval uniform, escorted Mary Pickford, known to filmgoers for all time as "the world's sweetheart"



Louise Allbritton, whose latest film to be seen over here is "That Night With You," seems dangerously near to setting fire to her hair with her cigarette while listening to Charles (Gesa) Korvin



A View of Long Barn from the Garden

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Soskin

At Their Fourteenth-Century Home



Mrs. Paul Soskin at the Doorway of Long Barn



A Walk in the Garden

Long Barn is a beautiful fourteenth-century manor house, part of which was converted out of an old barn that stood near by. It is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Soskin; Mr. Soskin was the producer of such notable films as *Quiet Wedding* and *Signed With Their Honour*, and is now busy preparing for his next production, which is a screen version of *Precious Bane*, by Mary Webb. His attractive wife was formerly Miss Manora Davidson. Many famous people have lived at Long Barn; it is reputed to be the birthplace of William Caxton, while the Hon. Harold Nicholson and his wife, V. Sackville-West, took over the place in 1915, when it was almost a ruin. Gradually, however, with great skill and ingenuity they restored both the house and the barn to their present state of perfection, while the late Sir Edwin Lutyens was responsible for much of the restoration

*Photographs by
Brodrick Vernon Haldane*

By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

"A Merry Christmas!
God Bless Us, Every One!"
"A Christmas Carol"—Charles Dickens.

Yesterday—To-day—To-morrow

If Fate, for once, were kind, and permitted us to take our pick, which should we choose? It is suggested that, even putting The Waits in the opposite scale, few of us would hesitate for very long. The Vicar with his tuning-fork and a mixed pack from the village choir, or the varlets with their keg of Old Jamaica, their cornopean player and two anaemic clarionets, would be soothed in an epoch when all the edges are as jagged as a hacksaw, and we inoculate ourselves with heavy doses of boogie-woogie just to drown the echoes, which, seemingly, are determined they shall not be killed, and the new, and even worse noises which lurk in the nuclear atmosphere. The times when the Flying Beaufort and the Old True Blue were ditched in a snowdrift, and the "insides" could not get out, while the "outsides," the Jehu and the guard sat gazing with cold in a Salisbury Plain blizzard, may have had their disadvantages, but there were one or two compensations. You could find ingle-seats at the Blue Boar, or the Coach and Horses, where you might listen to the Oldest Inhabitants making one another's hairs stand on end with horrid tales of the Wicked Wild Dayrell and the baby he roasted at Littlecote Hall; of Henry VIII, and the Abbot of Leading haunting the Bath Road; of "Sixteen String Jack" and Dick Turpin and that elegant ruder, Claude Du Vall, and of how one or other of them nearly got George III.'s favourite gold watch—and it was all just the right kind of background for the Christmas picture—but now you would probably be compelled to listen to what was the chance of Ferrety Philip in the Dogs' Derby, or how no one had enough "kewpons" for a pair of boots, and had not even seen a bottle of John Barleycorn since V.E. Day.

The 'Chase and All That'

In those Merrie England times (according to the Christmas-card artists) you could always hunt even in hock-deep snow: horses could jump fences that to-day only a jet-propelled plane could do much as look at: Masters of hounds were revered as if they were Lord Mayors, or Lord Chancellors: huntsmen at least as popular, and as much feted, as rural deans, and food and drink completely unrationed. You could get a cut off a marbled sirloin for 6d. twice as big, and a lot better, of course, than any Spam, or imported cow, that has to last you a week in these times; and as for venison pasties, prime turkeys, pheasants hung to the very second of perfection—well, it almost makes you faint to think of them! And things were even more luxuriant in the period before "Sixteen String Jack," and the others, who made a cavalry escort necessary for the Master and Hunt Servants of the Royal Buckhounds coming home of a night-time. Listen to a few items in a Jacobite Christmas hunting menu: "A great chine of beef: fore huge brawny pigges, piping hott, bitted and harnised with ropes of sarsiges, all tyde in a monstrous bagge pudding." And our forebears throng on it!

Perhaps, after all, rationing may be good for us, but even one of those "pigges" does rather make the mouth water when the belt is in the last hole! Where High Toby operators are concerned, perhaps we have no legitimate grouse, for at the moment even Chicago, in the palmiest days of its Plug-Uglies, has nothing on London—and one or two other stately cities. As to To-morrow: why to-morrow we may be with Yesterday's Seven Thousand Years—unless people substitute sense for insanity.

The Kadir Cup

A n interesting letter about this historic contest, which can justly claim a birth-date 1869, India's Pig-Sticking Blue Ribbon, arrives to me from Lieut.-Colonel Ernest Booth, writing from Darver Castle, Dundalk, Co. Louth, and in it is a question which is not very difficult to answer. Here is the letter:

My friend Captain Bryan Bellew and myself were looking through Wardrop's book and saw that in 1881 the Hon. G. B. Bryan's (10th Hussars) g.a.h. Sutlej won the Kadir, ridden by the owner, and in the following year the same owner's Grey Dawn, ridden by Mr. Bishop, also won the cup. What Bellew is curious to know is why the owner was not up in 1882. Can you give us this information? The Hon. G. B. Bryan was my friend's uncle "Buldo," a name which you, with your vast knowledge of former Indian sportsmen, will surely know. G. B. Bryan went to India as Bellew, but on coming into property changed his name to Bryan, and in the end reverted to Bellew on becoming Lord Bellew. I believe that "Buldo" was the nearest the inhabitants of India could get to Bellew! I have heard that "Buldo" was no small lad in his day, and that the stories of his doings, both in India and in Ireland, are legion. Perhaps you may have a good one about him to give us?

I was still at school in 1881, but the rules governing the Kadir Cup were the same then as they were in my time: "the horse and not the man to win." This meant that no owner need ride if he did not feel like it, and could put up anyone he liked, provided, of course, that he was a G.R. It often happened that people entered two or three horses, and that the one they picked to ride never got into the final. The contest is run in heats spread over about a week, and first spear wins. It has got to be a real spear, not just a scratch, and unless the competitor can show blood on the point, it does not count. It is probable that in 1882 "Buldo" had more than one horse in the final. This I cannot check without reference to the Meerut Tent Club, who, of course, have the full records.

B.-P.'s Bad Luck

IT was in 1883, the year following "Buldo" Bellew's second win, that the late Lord Baden-Powell had three entered in the Kadir. It is stated repeatedly that B.-P. won the Kadir in 1883. This is not so. His mare Patience won it, but she was ridden by "Ding" McDougall, who at that time was also a 13th Hussar. It was cruel luck that B.-P. did not get it. He rode Hogmanay and "Ding" rode Patience. A big boar broke away, and B.-P. got up and a spear looked a certainty. A low hedge suddenly appeared in front, the pig went through, but B.-P. jumped it, and there, 10 ft. below, was a river. The pig went in, with the rider and horse almost on top of him. They must have completely disappeared. B.-P. got out eventually at one spot and his horse at another, promptly bolting for camp. The pig broke back, and when the rest of the heat came to the hedge Baden-Powell pointed out where he was skulking in the reeds. "Ding" got first run at him and speared him, thus winning the cup for the Chief Scout. "Ding" was a very famous G.R. between the flags, and it is one of the most treasured memories of my salad days that I nearly beat him in a Hunters' Steeplechase at the old Tollygunge (Calcutta) course on my own Flatcatcher. He was riding a big grey horse of Alaric Butler's, named Greyclaw: Flatcatcher, a New Zealander, was only about 15.1, but clean-bred on both sides. "Ding" was then in some heavy cavalry regiment, but I forgot which. As to "Buldo," of course his fame lingered on long after the 10th had done their term of foreign service. Like all the family, he was extremely good-looking, quite top of the class during a period (Consule "Bill") when the competition was very keen indeed. I never tell tales out of school!



Jockey and His Son

E. Smith who looks tall beside his small son, Robin, has won a lot of big races, including the Derby on Blue Peter (More pictures overleaf)



*Well-Known Racing Personalities
at Newmarket Sales*

The Aly Khan, whose father's St. Leger winner Tehran has been syndicated at £100,000, a new record for a stallion, was with the equally celebrated Michael Beary, the jockey, who is also a keen student of bloodstock-breeding

Bloodstock Sales at Newmarket



The Earl of Fingall, who, as Lord Killeen, will be remembered as a well-known amateur rider, accompanied Miss Nicholls



Studying the catalogue were Lady Mary Rose Williams, her husband, Mr. Francis Williams, to whom she was married last month, and Mrs. Parker Bowles



Mr. John Dewar was at the Sales. He won the Derby with Cameronian in 1931, and has several good horses in training with Fred Darling at Beckhampton



Lady Irwin, who owns several good horses herself, looked well wrapped up in her warm, fur-lined leather coat, and appeared to be enjoying the Sales



Lord Grimthorpe and Lord Irwin discussed the bloodstock on view at the Sales. Lord Irwin is the elder son and heir of the Earl of Halifax



Sir Richard Sykes chatted to Capt. and Mrs. Philip Dunne, who were married in September. Sir Richard owns the famous Sledmere stud



Mrs. F. Hartigan was with Miss Norah Wilmot, who has assisted in the training of many winners at the famous Binfield Grove stud



Mares and Foals on Parade at the Sales



Mr. John Morant, who is the owner of that lovely place, Brockenhurst Park, in Hampshire, and his wife, Mrs. Morant, had a word with Mr. T. Rayson



Lady Petre had her sale catalogue tucked under her arm. She is the wife of Lord Petre and they have a three-year-old son



Mrs. Edgar Barker (left) and Mrs. Geoffrey Harbord were with Mr. Marcus Marsh and Mr. T. F. Blackwell, who were both deep in their catalogues. Mr. Marsh has just gone to train at Egerton House, where his father, the late Mr. Richard Marsh, trained many winners for the late King Edward



Lady Manton, who is the wife of Lord Manton, and Lady Grimthorpe, both of whom were dressed to keep out the cold weather, looked on with attention



"I'm sorry, sir, but that is on
your hat check"



"My husband drinks!"



"And now, 47 nocturnes
composed by myself"

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

STANDING BY

NONE of the critics seemed to be falling down in convulsions at the opening day of the Matisse-Picasso Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert. Yet at the first Matisse exhibition at the Grafton Galleries some 35 years ago (a chap at the Arts Club was telling us) all hell was let loose and Auntie *Times* carried on like a little mad thing.

Evidently distress is now over. Could one really blame the critics, circa 1910? Matisse was leader of *Les Fauves*, the Wild Men. The critic-boys were used to the Nice Men, such as Sargent, with his glossy rich portraits of glossy rich women, and the Hon. John Collier, whose annual problem-picture provided the Race with sensation free from lewdness or outrage—for example *The Doctor*, showing a doctor staring into vacancy with a prostrate woman crouching at his feet. Trying to probe this mystery sent a myriad chaps in shiny toppers into a fever, and in all the clubs serious thinkers were working out alternative titles, such as :

- (1) Heavens! The Wrong Leg!
- (2) I Can't Help It, Emily—They've Knighted Me!
- (3) No Apple a Day
Keeps the King's Proctor Away.
- (4) I Tell You I Want My Jigsaw, And I Tell You It's Inside You.

And so forth. Into this clean, harmless whirl of excitement suddenly barges a cynical Bohemian bounder from Paris, with a lot of gaudy cockeyed puzzles which in any decent exhibition would be conspicuous, so to speak, by their absinthe. Can you blame the critics?

Casket

WHAT one of the Fleet Street boys rapturously described as "a magnificent casket of jewels" was auctioned in London the other day, making us idly wonder what was cooking in scientific circles and which Faust, F.R.S., was making passes at which unsuspecting little blonde.

It has probably struck you that the Faust-drama, stripped alike of Goethe's poetry and Gounod's music, is simply that of a dirty old scientist exploiting a girl of such pitiable innocence that she doesn't even have that gift-casket of jewellery valued at once by an expert valuer. We've often thought the opera would be greatly strengthened by a short extra ballet

containing a new character, Mr. S. Goldfibber, dealer and valuer, who dances in with his bodyguard of hard boys, Razor Charley, Butch Buttinsky, and Izzy the Rap. After a *pas de quatre* indicating that it is Springtime Mr. Goldfibber gives the casket a swift once-over and waves his hands, indicating "Baby, you've been played right along for a sucker." With three scornful double pirouettes and a triple *entrecôte aux pommes* Marguerite conveys "Go climb up your thumb, hombre! My gen'leman friend is strictly on the level." To which Mr. Goldfibber and his thugs reply with an ironical glissade and five *cabrioles entrecoupées*, meaning "Yeah, silly like a snake that guy is!"

Marguerite then collapses in a *grand krach total*, Mr. Goldfibber pouches his fee and dances out with the hard boys, grinning, and you may guess what happens when Slogger Faust trips round that evening. "Say! . . ."

Too bad; though not so bad as the present workout.

Memory

JUST to make Christmas shopping pleasanter for the mems, here is a bit by Hazlitt—nobody reads Hazlitt today but James ("Boss") Agate and ourselves—showing how frigid and fussy shopping was in the undemocratic Regency:

What an idea do we not conceive of the fashionable belle who is making the most of her time and tumbling over silks and satins at Sewell and Cross's, or at the Bazaar in Soho Square, from the tall lacquey in blue and silver with a gold-headed cane, cocked-hat, white thread stockings and large calves to his legs, who stands as her representative without!

(The footman was on guard to protect an English Rose from danger and difficulty and the leers of rakes, authors, actors, tramps, journalists, beggars, City men, and so forth.)

The sleek shopman appears at the door, at an understood signal the livery-servant starts from his position, the coach-door flies open, the steps are let down, the young lady enters the carriage as young ladies are taught to step into carriages, the footman closes the door, mounts behind, and the glossy vehicle rolls off, bearing its lovely burden and her gaudy attendant from the gaze of the gaping crowd!

Today the sleek shopman will land an English Rose a jovial clip across the ear as soon as look

at her ("Hoy! Back to that ruddy queue!"), and all is gaiety, democracy, and unaffected ease. Only to Regency survivals like the Boss and ourselves does Hazlitt's prose convey a faint nostalgia. You picture us gracefully sweeping off our *chapeau-bras* and pacing forward to salute youth and grace and beauty with a chaste admiring kiss; one on each lovely snout ("Hold still, willya?"), just above the foam-flecked quivering nostrils.

Dumbo

HOW the Governor of Bengal managed to have a 75-minutes interview with Mr. Gandhi the other day, seeing that Mr. Gandhi was keeping a 24-hour silence, was not clearly explained. But we guess Mr. Gandhi had the best of it.

Strong silent men and blondes notoriously impose on the populace in this way, but the dumbest blonde has never put it across the intelligentsia more skilfully than Rossetti's Blessed Damozel (Miss Siddal), whose aura of speechless magic mystery was due to the simple fact that she was scared that if she opened her mouth she might say something ungentle. The late President Calvin ("Weaned-on-a-Dill-Pickle") Coolidge was dumb in a different way, having generally nothing to say at all and, if pressed, getting it over as soon as possible. There's a painful sequel to that wellknown story of his loosening up surprisingly one Sunday morning with Mrs. Coolidge.

"Been to meetin', Cal?"

"Uh."

"Rev. Tomkins preach as usual?"

"Uh."

"What was the sermon about, Cal?"

"Sin."

"My, that was nice. And what did Rev. Tomkins have to say about sin, Cal?"

"He's agin it."

Whereupon Mrs. Coolidge returned to her cooking satisfied, and Mr. Coolidge went out to saw logs. And the unpublished sequel, a chap in touch with the White House once told us, is that Mr. C. spent the whole afternoon staring miserably at the parlour floor, aware that he was just a glib old chatterbox after all. Why women tremble and adore strong City types of the same density is, however, not because women think they're listening, as somebody suggested. Women think they're thinking.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

Cornwall

"WEST-COUNTRY STORIES" (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.) is prefaced by the author, A. L. Rowse, with a word as to his choice of title. He says:

I use the word "stories" in its older sense, going back to the Middle Ages, to include narratives both of fact and fiction. In any case, the stories of invention, even though mostly ghost stories, have a foundation of fact; while the narratives of fact, I hope, are not wholly without imagination. And I call the book "West-Country Stories," for though nearly the whole of it is concerned with Cornwall, in one or two places I cross the Tamar boundary.

Lacking, or overlooking, these few lines, the reader might find the book to be an inspired miscellany. Inspired is the operative word—even were these tales, essays, reminiscences, place-portraits and fragments of history not joined by their common subject, Cornwall, they would still have, as a collection, the homogeneity of their writer's temperament. Mr. Rowse is already well known in three roles—historian, poet, autobiographer. What is fascinating about his writing in each department (if one can apply to art so rigid a word) is the overlap of his susceptibilities and powers of mind from one to another. In his essays, the historic past, the personal past, and his poetic reaction to both, are, as a rule, all present. As a writer of fiction—such as these ghost stories—he is, so far as I know, new. He has, it is to be seen here, that pre-requisite for any story-teller: the power to evoke and sustain excitement.

This Cornishman has perhaps done more than any other writer to make us others conscious of the Cornish as a race—a race whose smallness of terrain has concentrated and accentuated its qualities. Reading him, one does not forget that England and the English are encircled by four, not merely three, Celtic breeds. In his previous book of essays, *The English Spirit*, the Cornish advantage was apparent. The English, it is known, are slow to blow their own trumpet: they are shy of the instrument. Mr. Rowse, nursed in that other country across the Tamar, stretches out, picks up the trumpet of the English and blows it for them, producing majestic sounds. The English take England for granted; the Scots, Welsh, Irish and Cornish, for better or worse, do not.

Across the Tamar

IN this case, he writes of his own country. For clearly, Cornwall, county in name, is a country. For my own part, I could count on the fingers of one hand the days and nights I

have spent in Cornwall: my impressions of her have never been blurred, and I doubt whether, by even the longest sojourn, they ever would be. To enter Cornwall is, where I am concerned, to enter a tract of sensations—acute at the time and haunting later—a country where anything might happen and much has. This experience is, one may gather, common to most travellers. That the native has an inborn and no less powerful sense of his country's strangeness is apparent from the writings of Mr. Rowse.

Certainly, the stories and essays here evoke an unique psychic atmosphere, in which the dark magnetism of an old sacrificial stone, the power of a ghost in a bungalow to mechanise the shoes of a living person, or the discovery of a totally unknown valley within a mile or two of one's own home do not appear odd. In this land, and through the lens of this native susceptibility, no hour of the day is banal: for instance, of the Restinnes adventure Mr. Rowse says—"What happened to me was in the broad light of day, in the late afternoon, at my favourite teatime hour. Perhaps there is something queer about that hour: I do not know; I sometimes think so." Certainly, I think that the most indefinable experiences are often the most powerful, and that in this power a factor is the effects of light. When, in "The Wicked Vicar of Lansillian," Mr. Rowse describes a long-ago Christmas afternoon preceding a murder, he makes my skin creep more by his "The thin, wavering light was beginning to fail among the stripped beeches," than he could by any inked midnight scene.

The wicked vicar (later to be immured in the form of a black cockerel) had "round, black eyes that looked at you boldly, fiercely, then suddenly blinked." So, by a touch, do some of the characters stand out. On the whole, though, I should call this a book of places rather than people. The people—often the dead—are conjured up by flashes of intuition; they exist in connection with places. Sometimes, the people are, in the ordinary sense, obscure, immortalised by a personal tender memory; sometimes they are historic characters—Cornwall's great Elizabethans, or her great painter, Opie. Or, the contemplation of an almost-vanished manor farm on a plateau overhanging the sea makes the writer muse on a vanished family. Of Opie's Cornish home, Harmony Cot, he says: "The impression that genius attaches to the place it has once inhabited is extraordinary."

"Kilvert in Cornwall" is a lovely personal comment on one phase in the life of the clergyman-diaryist: we have other travellers in the

(Concluded on page 380)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

But the "fuss-pots" never seem to have a personal private "garden" to cultivate. Some inner urge tells them that people must be got together, instructed, educated, and attain their social destiny in mass fulfilment. Indeed, quite a number of them will find a heavenly eternity extremely dull if they are not asked to sit on a committee so soon as they are dead. On earth they collected meetings like some men collect directorships. Nevertheless, my own conviction is that if only people would make their own lives as simple and perfect as they demand other people's lives should be, the world would be far happier, and the "broom," wielded so self-complacently by the "fuss-pots," would be far less in use.

Really, there is no time to waste in this brief life in speechifying for the gratification of many speeches. So much to know, so much to learn, so much to enrich and to beautify in our own existence, that—to give just one example—I grudge giving up even one whole afternoon to meet a lot of people, mostly boring, to discuss with them the advantages of a communal drive to increase temperance within the



The Picasso and Matisse Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum

Mr. Leigh Ashton (l.), Director of the Museum, and Major Longden were caught by the camera when in conference over the hanging of the Matisse pictures in the Picasso and Matisse Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, which H.E. the French Ambassador opened recently



The Prime Minister's Wife Opens an Exhibition of Old Masters

Mrs. Attlee, wife of the Prime Minister, opened the Loan Exhibition of Old Masters, in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies, at the Milton Galleries, New Bond Street. Mr. Joseph Armherst, the organiser, is calling her attention to the fine quality of the works on view

I WONDER what the female "fuss-pots" will do when peace-time conditions really return? And this curiosity also includes elderly gentlemen of the same mental persuasion, of course. I mean the people of easy means and a good many leisure hours who kept knocking on busy people's doors persuading them, sometimes in a peremptory manner, to join this organisation or sit on that committee, become vice-presidents, ascend platforms, and generally to beat as many people up as possible to get them organised. The idea being that the closer people are together the more democratic and "matey" the world will be. Especially in country places. (Personally, I have always discovered that the closer people are together the less "matey" they become—culminating—especially where masses of women predominate—in anything but a Christian "atmosphere," definitely sub-acid.)

Nevertheless, I often secretly wonder why these "fuss-pots" have always to ascend a platform before, often reluctantly, they descend to work their "wonders." My own idea of being "neighbourly" is to help only when aid is required, and for the rest to allow people to "cultivate their own gardens" in the way which best suits their individual tastes.

parish, or convert those who sit, often much happier than we sit, in civilised "darkness," or become a pilgrim knocking from door to door begging a subscription to present the retiring vicar with a chiming clock. "Callers" used to be bad enough in the old days, but they are now supplanted by a worse "interruption" in the form of the local busbody demanding help to get everybody together to make life "brighter" and more worth-while for all. The endless stream of bureaucratic officials "promise" the New World of Glorious Planning to become a deadly state of interference; but if to them is added an army of leisured "elderlies" bent on getting us all organised for "our own good," life for the individual, as an individual, will become a perpetual struggle rather than a human right.

If people have lost, or probably never tried to cultivate, the rich opportunity of their own leisure hours, I grudge having to give up the joy which leisure can give me to cultivate in my own way, so that their free time may not hang so heavily upon their hands. Maybe I was born a non-fuss-pot, and so am, as a "Communist," a cog in the wheels of social "progress." But then, I hate being "fuss-potted," don't you?

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Papanicolaou — Maris

Lt. Sophocles Papanicolaou, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Papanicolaou, of Athens, married Miss Lilika Maris, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Maris, of Dudley Court, W., and of Athens, at the Greek Cathedral of St. Sophia, Bayswater



Prost — Ingram

Lt. Jean Claude Prost, son of M. and Mme. Maurice Prost, of Lons-le-Saunier, France, married Miss Averil Ingram, only daughter of Capt. Bruce Ingram, O.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Bruce Ingram, of Great Pendon, Chesham, Bucks.



Moore — Digby

Right :
Mr. Charles A. Moore, eldest son of Mr. C. A. Moore, of Greenwich, Connecticut, U.S.A., married Miss Sheila Digby, second daughter of Lord and Lady Digby, of Cerne Abbey, Dorchester, at Riverside Church, New York, U.S.A.



Bolter — Lloyd-Jones

Capt. John A. Bolter, R.A.S.C., son of the late Mr. W. J. Bolter and Mrs. Bolter, of Rhubina, Cardiff, married Miss Handeline Lloyd-Jones, daughter of Mrs. E. D. Jones and the late Mr. H. R. Jones, of Whitchurch, Cardiff, at St. Mary's, Whitchurch



Hulton — Reynolds

Lt. Geoffrey A. Hulton, R.M., only son of Sir Roger and the Hon. Lady Hulton, of Hulton Park, Bolton, married Miss Mary Patricia Reynolds, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. De Vere Reynolds, of Farnborough, Hampshire, at Brompton Oratory



Foster — Lucas-Tooth

Major Herbert F. B. Foster, The Scottish Horse, elder son of the late Col. H. A. Foster, and of Mrs. Foster, of Pitlochry, Perth, married Miss Christine L. Lucas-Tooth, younger daughter of the late Major Sir Leonard Lucas-Tooth and of Mrs. J. Smyth Osborne, of Canterbury



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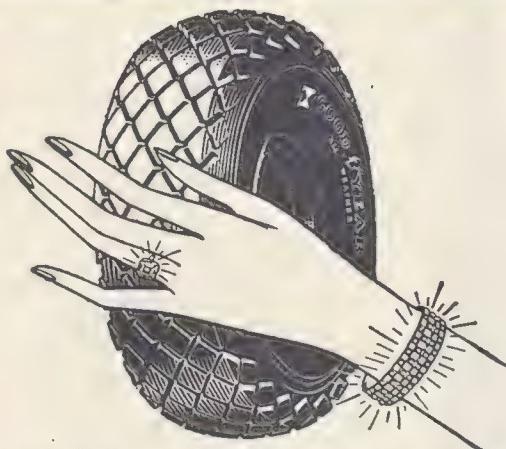
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ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 375)

form of Leland, Miss Celia Fiennes (the original Banbury Cross "fine lady upon a white horse"), and John Wesley. The piece on "The Duchy of Cornwall" should help to clear up any last existing confusion. "A Sentimental Journey" carries the whole poignancy, for an imaginative and home-loving person, of a return; and "West-Country Journey" offers a June-like panorama of England, with its great ghosts and great houses, from Salisbury westward. Only Okehampton readers may, here, find anything to resent.

Not quite a Year

THE coming together, through the fortunes of war, of Guy Morgan, in normal times Fleet Street journalist, and John Worsley, the artist, has resulted in an outstanding, very attractive book: *Only Ghosts Can Live*. Mr. Morgan, as a lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., was captured by the Germans in a partisan fishing boat off the Dalmatian Island of Lussin on November 13, 1943; as the result of a wound, at that time sustained, he was repatriated via Sweden on September 9, 1944. So full of adventures, impressions and excursions, through insight, into the lives of other people is *Only Ghosts Can Live*, that it is hard to realize that this book covers, in actual time, not quite a year. Indeed, this may be the impression that Mr. Morgan meant to convey; for this prisoner-of-war existence, shifted from camp to camp under varying conditions, was in itself a complete, though isolated, lifetime. Mr. Morgan writes brilliantly, bitingly, vividly. For instance, in almost all prisoner-of-war books we have started with the sensation of being captured—the incredulity ("Can this have happened to me?"), the sense of frustration, the claustrophobia—but I think I have never met them better rendered than here. The range of adjustments, first to captivity, then, in the author's case, to renewed freedom, is delicately, relentlessly, and, one feels sure, truly followed.

Inevitably, the middle chapters cover much the

same ground as other books we have had—though need I say that this ground cannot be covered too often? The facts are, roughly, the same; the reactions to the facts have partly the importance of being more or less general to all prisoners, but partly, also, the merit of being the author's own. No two men, one can see, react psychologically in the same way to what may be, physically, the same experiences.

The first two chapters—"Capture and Kaffee" and "Chintz and Tommy Guns" are the two, all the same, which must stand out. These describe, as a retrospect after the fishing boat capture, fantastic adventures on, as it proved, a forlorn hope naval mission to the Dalmatian Islands after the surrender of Italy. The chaos, that autumn of 1943, of that unfortunate country, with the Allies in its south and the Germans in its north, and a fluid movement of deserters, unclaimed prisoners and refugees, needs description, and we have Mr. Morgan's pen. For his own part, he found himself in bizarre surroundings, lodged by the ever-more-suspicious Jugo-Slav partisans in a millionaire's luxury villa on an island. Glass-topped tables, chintz, and the society papers of happier years made an odd surround for almost daily interrogations. Marietta and her mamma, ex-occupants of the villa, were compulsory hostesses, but played their parts with grace. . . . Not less striking, as a finale, is the chapter, "Two Tinned Pears."

The illustrations, pen-and-ink sketches by the Official Naval War Artist who was the writer's companion through many ups and downs, are an integral part of the book: alive, always dramatic and often comic, they do not merely decorate, they expand the story. *Only Ghosts Can Live* is a book to keep.



A Penny For His Thoughts?

Lady Freyberg, wife of General Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., K.C.B., etc., Governor-General-Designate of New Zealand, opened the bazaar in aid of the Service and ex-Service Women's Club Fund at Simpson Services Club. The snapshot suggests that she is offering Viscount Bennett a penny for his thoughts. Major A. Huskisson, M.C., is on the right

A Life

KATHLEEN HEWITT, who in *The Only Paradise* (Jarrold, 12s. 6d.) gives us her autobiography, certainly did not have to go out and look for experience: it, with awful obligingness, came to her. The title of her book is from a quotation: "Remembrance is the only paradise from which we cannot be driven." In this choice, Miss Hewitt shows the irony that gives such attractiveness to her self-told story. For, dispassionately speaking, it might be said that the majority of her early days were hell. She was raised, it is true, in a home that was "good" in the sense of being high-principled and happy; but her clergyman father was to a fault unworldly, and exceedingly poor. After spasmodic efforts at education, Miss Hewitt—very young, very pretty, very naive, very hopeful, and penniless—was edged out on to the world to fend for herself. Her adventures and trials, here intriguingly touched in, could well fill many more volumes than this one.

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THE telephone rings. Jack's in town: a few hours' leave. Could you meet him right away? Your mirror tells you that your make-up needs some quick, first-aid repairs. This is when you'll be really thankful for "Dorma"—Coty's new Cleansing Milk. "Dorma" will remove your old make-up quickly and effectively, leaving your face feeling cool and clean, ready to take your fresh cream and powder. "Dorma" is the friend of every woman with little time to spare. Costs 7/- and saves the situation.

"DORMA" CLEANSING MILK

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

THE problem of getting a man out of an ultra-high-speed aircraft in an emergency is a new one. The Germans solved it by means of an ejector seat. The pilot, whose aircraft was in trouble, pressed a button and was shot out into space with his parachute.

Now we have a similar ejector device, the Martin Baker, and it goes with a special Irving parachute. Mr. Leslie Irvin was telling me about it the other day at a luncheon party in London. It seems that the German ribbon parachute does work when a man has to jump from a high-speed machine; but it is bulky. Irvin's approach to the difficulty is to arrange for a gradual opening of a parachute with an ordinary canopy.

The ejector device is worked with special cartridges, so that the airman is really *shot* out of his cockpit. And I have been told that the *g* to which he is momentarily subjected may reach 14*g*. This is greater than anything a human being can take under ordinary flying conditions without serious injury. In fact, sustained 12*g* will cause death.

But it has always been known that a much greater load can be stood for a brief period, and that seems to be why there are no ill effects from use of the ejector seat.

Strip Tease

ANOTHER interesting discussion at the Irvin luncheon centred on the special "strip tease" outfits used by our saboteurs. Mr. Irvin paid a tribute to the courage of these men, who were often middle-aged or old.

They were dressed up in a fantastic costume which contained every conceivable article of equipment they could want, from compasses to spades. This costume takes about a quarter of an hour to put on; but when the parachutist has landed it takes him only five seconds to discard it.

Mr. Irvin himself, by the way, has done between three and four hundred parachute drops and although he did not mention it, I heard afterwards that his most recent drop had been done on the day

before the luncheon was held.

His new automatic parachute is going to be standard equipment for high flying Royal Air Force machines. This is the device which is set to open at a height where there is enough oxygen to support life. It allows the man to fall through the thin air at great heights, and then, by the working of a barometer, it opens the canopy lower down.

The vexed question of whether it would be practicable to furnish air line passengers with parachutes came up for discussion. The answer seems to be that it is practicable provided the aircraft designer collaborates; but that it may not be practical—that is suited to actual conditions. The detachable cabin which could be lowered by multiple parachutes has been laughed at; but there is nothing impossible about it.

The Figures

ONCE again the Ministry of Aircraft Production went astray in its treatment of the World Speed Record set by Group Captain H. J. Wilson in the Gloster Meteor (Rolls-Royce Derwent turbojets) on November 7.

This time, through lack of experience in these matters, it got confused between the measurement of speed during actual runs made by the aircraft, and the arithmetical mean of four measurements which is a process of calculation.

When the figures were officially given out they were given to the nearest kilometre an hour. That is permissible if the timing apparatus can get no closer. But there is no authority whatever for discarding everything less than a whole number in stating



Christening of Diana Rosemary Bristow at Swynnerton Hall

Lord Stafford, nineteen-year-old Lieutenant in the Scots Guards (left), was a godfather to the infant daughter of his cousin, Mrs. Follett Bristow, and of Group Captain Follett Bristow (right). The baby was named Diana Rosemary and the ceremony took place at Swynnerton Hall, Staffs. Mrs. Buller, grandmother of the baby and aunt of Lord Stafford, is standing beside Mrs. Bristow

the average. That ought to have been given—as always in past records—to three places of decimals. Actually the *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale* did amend the figures in this way and the official record is now 975.675 kilometres an hour, which is 606.25 miles an hour.

Vampire Lands On

LIEUT.-COMMANDER E. M. BROWN's deck flying with La de Havilland Vampire was—rightly I think—claimed as the first all-jet aircraft trials of the kind. The Ryan Fireball is not an all-jet machine, for it incorporates an ordinary piston engine with an airscrew as well as the jet unit.

The Vampire is an aeroplane which is revealing its good points gradually. And it is building up a very high opinion both inside the Service and outside it. As a Naval aircraft it will give the Fleet Air Arm a powerful stimulus.

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Hibernation has obvious advantages, and presents an appealing solution to this first post-war winter. But for practical man, with important work to do before he can enjoy the peace, there is a better alternative. There is the Austin Reed Service, which makes every clothing coupon realise its responsibility, and enables man to stay awake and warmly clad until the spring.

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Sir Thomas Gresham and the pearl

The bourse built by Sir Thomas Gresham was proclaimed the Royal Exchange by Queen Elizabeth who formally opened it in 1570. She afterwards honoured Sir Thomas by dining with him when, if we are to believe contemporary poets, Sir Thomas toasted the Queen in a cup of wine in which a pearl which "no-one could afford to buy" had been crushed.

*"Here fifteen hundred pounds at one clap goes;
Instead of sugar, Gresham drinks the pearl
Unto his queen and mistress; pledge it lords!"*

That Queen Elizabeth named the Royal Exchange and that Sir Thomas toasted her are matters of history, but the story of the pearl is at least as old as Cleopatra and may easily be a flight of poetic fancy.

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Looking Ahead

The Main Line Railways' post-war plans include the introduction of the latest scientific improvements in new locomotives and in re-conditioning existing engines. Passenger rolling stock will include new designs with bright colours, new fabrics, plastics and other materials.

The finest railway service in the world will be offered to the British public as soon as materials and man-power permit.



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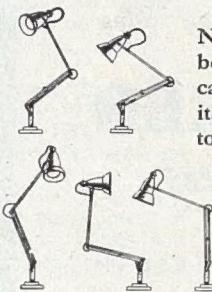
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